



**Bungalow
Camps**
in the
**Canadian Pacific
Rockies**

BUNGALOW CAMPS

In the Canadian Pacific Rockies

WAPTA CAMP—Overlooking beautiful Lake Wapta, just west of the Great Divide. Centre for Alpine climbing, drives, pony rides, and hikes to Lake O'Hara, the Yoho Valley, the Kicking Horse Canyon, etc.

Accommodation for 50. Station, Hector (just across the lake). Postal Address, Wapta Camp, Hector, B.C.

LAKE O'HARA CAMP—This Alpine lake, of exquisite coloring and charm, is a splendid climbing, riding and walking centre. Excursions to Lake McArthur and Lake Oesa, or over Abbott Pass to Lake Louise.

Accommodation for 28. Reached by trail from Hector (7 miles). Postal Address, Lake O'Hara Camp, Hector, B.C.

YOHO VALLEY CAMP—At the most delightful location in Yoho Valley, facing Takakkaw Falls. Excursions to the upper valley or over Yoho Pass to Emerald Lake.

Accommodation for 28. Reached by road from Field (11 miles) or Wapta Camp (13 miles) or by trail from Emerald Lake (7 miles). Postal Address, Yoho Valley Camp, Field, B.C.

Twin Falls Rest, in the upper valley, Summit Lake Rest, on the Yoho Pass, and Kicking Horse Canyon Rest, near Yoho Station, are reached from Yoho Valley Camp.

EMERALD LAKE CHALET—A bungalow camp extension to this cosy chalet hotel, which is situated on beautiful Emerald Lake, at the foot of Mount Burgess. Boating, trout fishing, riding, hiking, climbing and pony trips over Yoho Pass, etc.

Accommodation (including hotel) for 60. Reached by good automobile road from Field (7 miles). Postal Address, Emerald Lake Chalet, Field, B.C.

MORaine LAKE CAMP—At the head of the Valley of the Ten Peaks. Good trout fishing, climbing, riding and hiking to Consolation Lakes, Paradise Valley, Wenkchemna Pass, etc.

Accommodation for 20. Reached by road from Lake Louise (9 miles). Postal Address, Moraine Lake Bungalow Camp, Lake Louise, Alta.

STORM MOUNTAIN BUNGALOW CAMP—First stop on the new Banff-Windermere automobile highway, the most spectacular automobile road in America. Wonderful panoramic views of Castle Mountain and other peaks.

Accommodation for 18. 26 miles from Banff. Postal Address, Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp, Castle Mountain, Alta.

VERMILION RIVER CAMP—Second stop on this road. Fine fishing in the Vermilion River, and magnificent mountain climbing.

Accommodation for 18. 50 miles from Banff. Postal Address, Vermilion River Bungalow Camp, Castle Mountain, Alta.

SINCLAIR HOT SPRINGS CAMP—Third stop on this road. Swimming in Radium Hot Springs Pool, hiking and climbing, and wonderful views of the Selkirks.

Accommodation for 14. 91 miles from Banff, 13 miles from Lake Windermere Camp. Postal Address, Sinclair Hot Springs Bungalow Camp, Radium Hot Springs, B.C.

LAKE WINDERMERE CAMP—A popular bungalow camp on the shore of the loveliest warm-water lake in British Columbia. Riding, motoring, golf, swimming, boating and excursions to the glaciers of the Selkirks.

Accommodation for 50. Reached either by rail from Golden (74 miles) or from Cranbrook (93 miles), or by automobile from Banff over the Banff-Windermere Road (104 miles). Postal Address, Lake Windermere Bungalow Camp, Invermere, B.C.

**THE ABOVE CAMPS ARE OPEN FROM JULY 1ST TO
SEPTEMBER 15TH, AND ARE OPERATED ON THE
AMERICAN PLAN. RATES ON APPLICATION**



Armstrong Roberts Photo

Starting off on the trail to Lake O'Hara from the community house of Wapta Bungalow Camp

BUNGALOW CAMPS IN THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ROCKIES

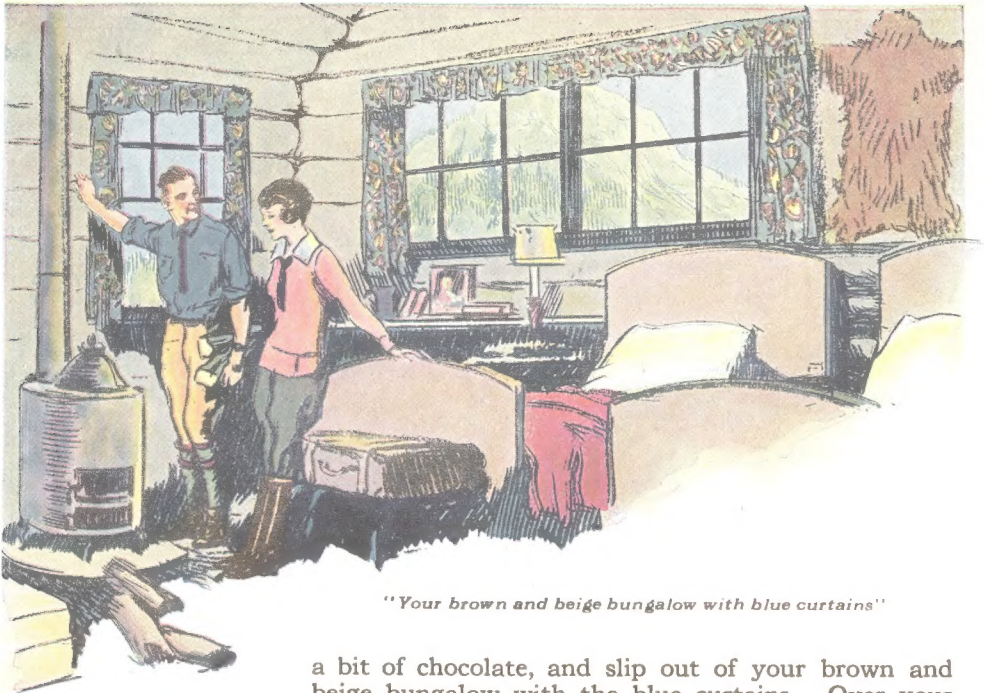
By Betty Thornley

THIS morning isn't in the least like other mornings. For it isn't hard to get up. Indeed, it would be impossible to stay in bed, even though the three fat red blankets feel so good. There's a thrill and a tingle to the air. Something says, "Come out!"

It isn't the bold slate-grey bird with a trim white cap on his head who just landed on the window-sill. And it isn't the gopher he chased under the verandah for spite. Maybe it was a mountain . . .

Anyhow, here you are, out on the floor poking a big armful of clean bright wood into the little round stove with the draught that nearly pulls you up the chimney. There are dollars and metropolitan dollars' worth of that wood in the box behind the door. But it's all yours—whew!—isn't the fire good? July? Yes, of course it's July. And if you had a paper (which Heaven and the C.P.R. forbid), you'd see that New York was prostrated and Chicago couldn't even moan. But it's chilly here at six o'clock—blessedly, gorgeously chilly. For you're at Wapta Camp in the Canadian Pacific Rockies, almost at the top, on the Great Divide, where people talk of heat-waves in the reminiscent tones of grandfather and the Civil War.

It's too early for breakfast, so you tuck some triscuits into your pocket and



"Your brown and beige bungalow with blue curtains"

a bit of chocolate, and slip out of your brown and beige bungalow with the blue curtains. Over your shoulder you look at all the other little bungalows backed into the mountain with a green lake at their toes; you fill your lungs down to the last lazy quarter-inch with Rocky Mountain air; and if you don't fly then and there, it's because you know walking is going to be so much more fun. For this is your first morning. And you're going to Sherbrooke Lake. If you were sensible, like most people, you'd have breakfast first and ride up. But you can't wait to be sensible. You never could!

That Walk to Sherbrooke Lake in the Morning

The tops of the mountains are blotted out in cloud that smokes slowly off and up as you look at it . . . The hills are red with Indian Paintbrush. There isn't a sound . . . The road skirts round the green lake, dives into the trees, goes up—up—and turns into a trail—up—up—till, at your first breathless stop, you can see Lake Wapta like a mislaid piece of a green puzzle-map, and a tiny foolish train with a puff of white marabou smoke, crawling around its giant saucer-curve.

Then you pass behind an outlying buttress, and there isn't any lake, any camp, any railroad. Just you. And trees. And millions of flowers. And something quick and soft that scuttles through the underbrush. And the trail . . . Is there anything so fascinating, so beckoningly not-to-be-resisted as a trail errant?

Half an hour. Three-quarters. A crow caws . . . And you climb into a ghost-forest, silver-grey dead trees on a great bare hillside, all their tiny down-curved branches eerily perfect. But no leaves ever again. They died years and years ago in a forest fire. Cr-r-reak, they say, cr-r-reak, as the wind sings over them under the far blue sky, and a marmot whistles . . . The Dominion Parks Commission ought to take them on tour across the continent as an object lesson.

And then at last you round the mountainside into a high upland meadow. The whole world is full of the sound of water—a thin elfin trickle underfoot

from a glacial stream that has branched so often it chuckles at itself—a great breathless flashing roar whirling valleyward through the trees away off to the left—you can catch a glimpse of it here and there, a storm of white in its teeth. You're walking on springy moss full of white heather-flowers, moss that smells like all the Harris tweeds in the world, cut through with the thin cold of glaciers And you don't need the trail any more, because that chill malachite thing at the end of the valley is the lake itself, shut between brown mountains and the fir-green of the trees.

You come to the margin, and you sit on a dead silver-grey log and cup your hand and drink. Colder than ice-water. Better than any water there ever was, with a rim of glass at the lip. Then you go back and lie down with your nose in the heather. Your body's tired. Your soul is miles away from thought of any kind to which you've been accustomed. You've just sense enough to be drowsily thankful that nothing ever managed to kill you while you were growing up, and working hard enough to earn the right to go to sleep again at eight o'clock if you wanted to

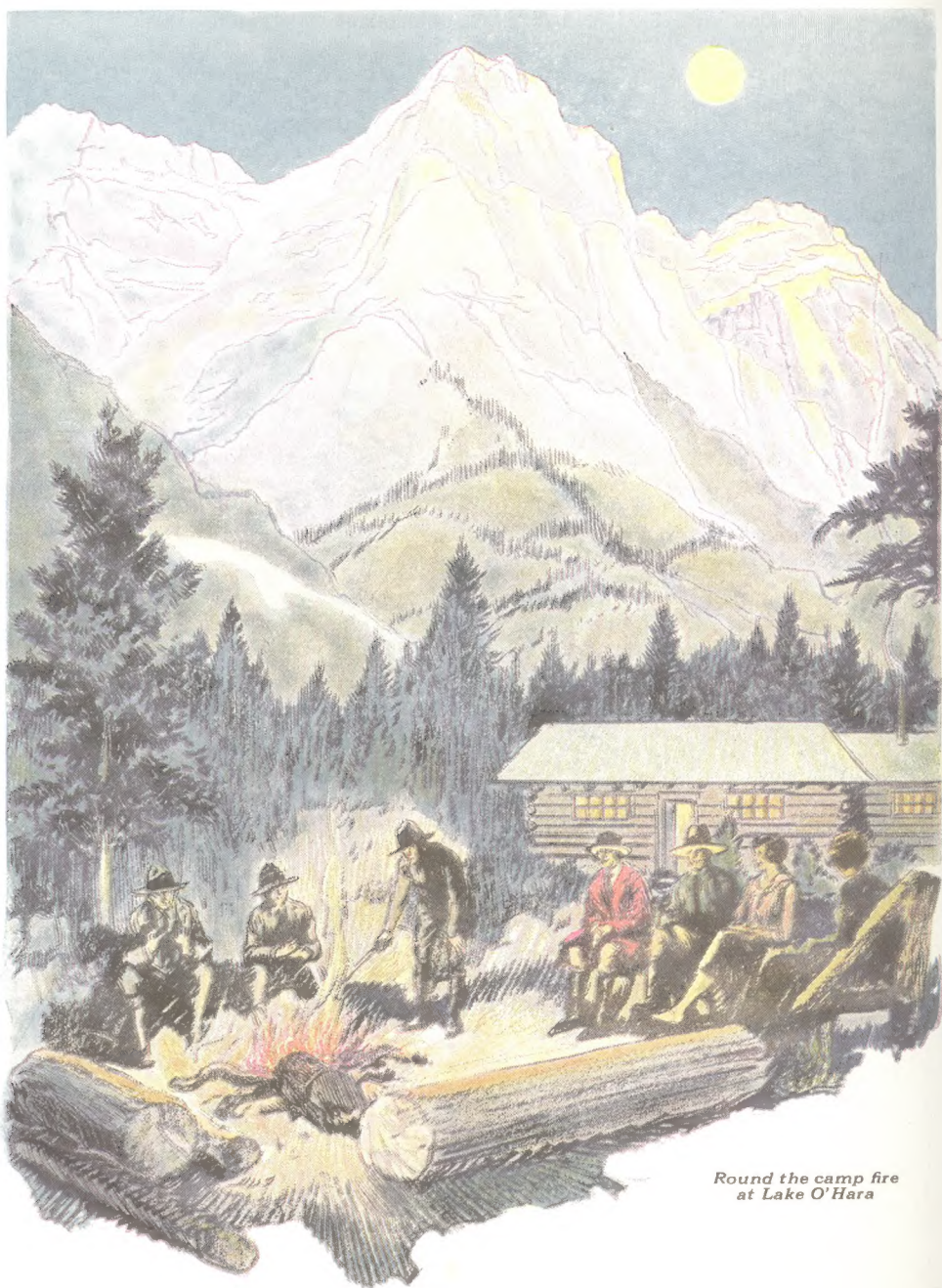
By and by, having eaten all the triscuits, you've moved to skirt back by the pointed-treed little forest that rises behind the lake Pale yellow columbines stand like elf-lamps on the brown floor. If you were your own remote ancestor, you'd doubtless kneel there in the doorway of that strange cathedral and say your prayers

So you go down the trail, heather in your pocket, your coat over your arm. Singing. Not out loud, like a Latin. But under your breath. You can't sing, you know—you never could. But you've just got to.



Armstrong Roberts Photo

Cabins by the lake shore at Lake Wapta Bungalow Camp

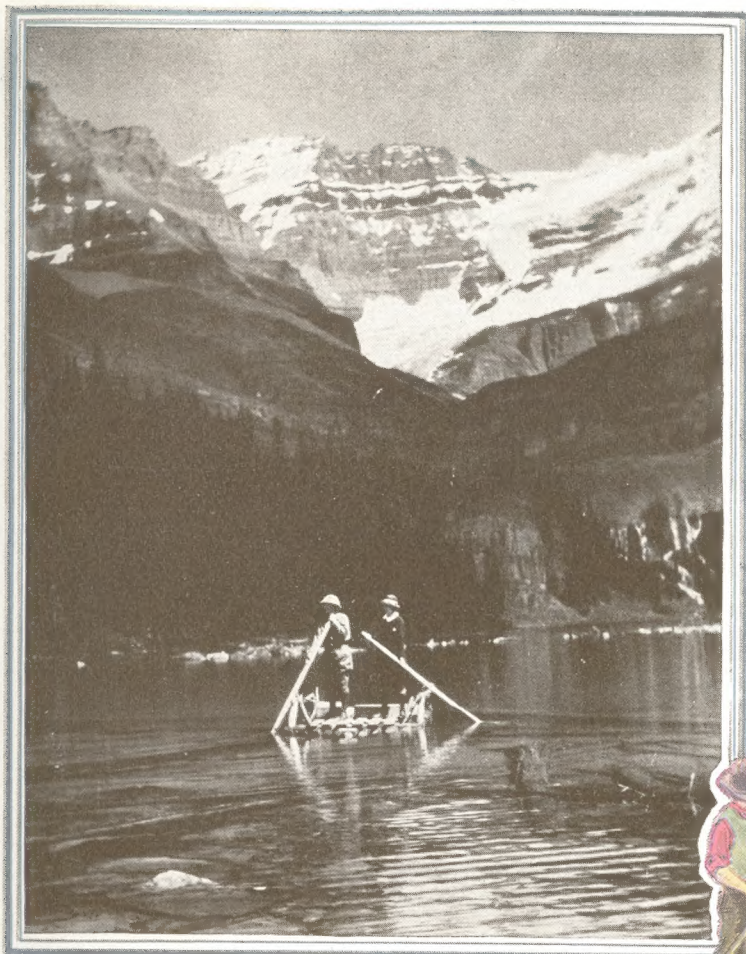


*Round the camp fire
at Lake O'Hara*

Four Weeks to Get Young In!

And all this soul-and-body entertainment, this smoothing you out and tuning you up, has taken place before breakfast—on your first day. And you've got four—f-o-u-r—agelong weeks of it ahead!

That evening, up at the community house with its gay flowers and chintzes everywhere, yellow and green and brown like the woods themselves, you join the ring around the blazing logs in the great stone fireplace. All you did,



"The custom of O'Hara is to float out over the still, cool depths"



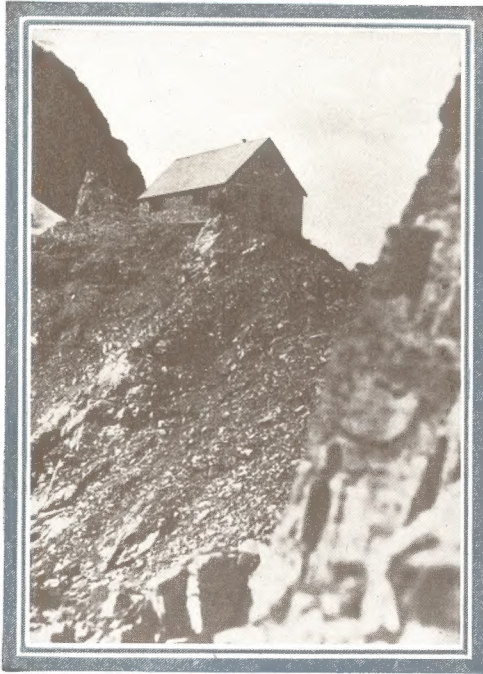
yourself, after your strenuous climb, was to get settled in your bungalow and take a little trot on a white horse called "Tommy" who knew the Yoho road as a lady knows her own drawing-room. But these people can talk loftily of trails and lakes and passes, of miles and guides and levels, after the manner of old-timers.

So, listening to them, you determine to set out for Lake O'Hara Camp in the morning. Tommy, faithful beast, will appear at nine sharp . . . So you go down the hill to your bungalow early.

In the night you wake to the sound of rain on the roof—whispering rain—the soothingest sound in the world. Poor apartment dweller that you are, you haven't heard that sound since your childhood in the big old house with the dim attic where you used to go and lie on your tummy under the high-peaked window and hear the rain falling on Treasure Island and the Jungle Book . . . You're years nearer to that time tonight than you were a week ago . . . The mountains did it.

Across Nine Miles—O'Hara Beckons

The trail to O'Hara after rain is a long trail, a muddy trail. But



Alpine Hut on Abbott Pass

Tommy doesn't care. And you, sitting at ease on his philosophic back, mile after twisting mile, feel your mind float out between the trees, across the blue-grey distances, till it comes to rest on those eternal hills that hump their amazing backs into the sky. Why is it you can't describe a mountain or paint it, or photograph it convincingly? You can get the shape and the colour of it—in a sense you can get the height and the girth. But no one ever put the sheer *weight*, the unbelievable mass of the thing, on any bit of paper or board.

Here is the tame and solid earth of the plainsman's knowing, and it has suddenly protruded itself, it has risen up, it hangs over. Who can say it will stay there, this giant bulk that blocks the heavens? And yet, serene and still, the miracle continues with the snows upon its head!

In no way does the trail prepare you for O'Hara itself, roofed over with trees as the path is for most of the miles. You realize that you're somehow working in behind that right-hand rampart of Mt. Victoria, that you've seen from the verandah of the Chateau at Lake Louise. But it's all so immense. You begin to think O'Hara has retired up some secluded valley, laughing at tourists in its Irish-green sleeve. But you make a sudden twist to the left, Tommy climbs nobly with an eager look in his eye, and—you're there!

Some people say Lake Louise is the loveliest thing in the mountains. But they haven't seen O'Hara—a thousand feet higher, a million meadows greener, and so much nearer to those still white peaks. John S. Sargent said he'd never get tired looking at it. Lucky man, Sargent, with a painter's eye that could carry it all away.

You aren't a painter, but you're bound to have some queer experiences with that little picture post card of O'Hara that goes home with you in your trunk. You're going to find magic in its flat black and white pattern—something that



Bungalow Camp at Lake O'Hara

Frank Photo



Lake McArthur—"The mountain snow trickles down around the strange blue lake"

you can stare your way into, so that you walk right out of your steam-heated apartment, walk with your eyes, back into the space and the colour, back into the breath of the spruce and the smell of water, and the high peace of it, back into that cool golden afternoon when you walked half-way round the lovely limpid thing hidden away where no one ever saw it, century after century.

There were six kinds of moss on one little fat flat rock you sat on. And you looked down through the water, so clear it hardly seemed to be there at all, and you saw a white crab-thing a quarter of an inch long, looking like the bleached ninety-second cousin of a lobster, digging himself a hole in the pale grey dust that used to be Mt. Victoria, and burying himself head first. Then it came to you as never before, what an extraordinary thing this universe is. And you wondered if Mt. Victoria knew it, and the crab. Perhaps, being simple souls, they knew far more about it than you did . . . All of which will come back to you, mountain and dust and crab, as you look at the picture postcard when you get it safely home.

Things to Eat, and Things to Do

Meals in the mountains are all good. But meals at O'Hara take on an extra special wonder by virtue of the fact that everything has to be brought in over that nine-mile trail. Yet you have whatever your heart could desire, including salad and fresh fruit. And when you catch a glimpse of partial explanation in the smiling yellow face in the kitchen, you think again of the strangeness of a world that has Canton in it—and those miles of tunnelled streets under the bamboo awnings—and this great spacious nothingness, given to God and the bears!



"Yoho Bungalow Camp is cradled
in the roar of the falls"

That evening is dedicated to the sunset and the raft. For the custom of O'Hara is to float out over the still, cool depths to see those violent cerise banners flung across from crag to crag, and watch them distill into gold, and fade into purple as the stars come out. If there's a moon—oh, little moon over O'Hara, we could give a million dollars for you willingly, if you'd only shine down our street at home! But you wouldn't come away from Cathedral, and Odaray, and Hungabee, and the Wiwaxy Peaks.

Upstairs to Lake McArthur

Next morning, the trip to Lake McArthur undoubtedly divides the sheep from the goats, though we leave it to you to name your own company. The wise of this world lie snug abed till the conventional breakfast hour, after which horses appear. But the fools rise up at dawn (while one thermometer says 37° and the other 21°), and push boldly out into a dew-starred meadow with a little slim cloud out of the sky parked right in front of the dining-room, sitting on the grass!

After a breakfast that seems impossible when you return to sea-level appetite, you go up—up—upstairs till you see the camp shrink into little gay yellow toy-houses, and you feel as though you must be going to take lunch with Orion and the Great Bear. Then you come into an upland meadow with mountains on all sides, and a little clear stream trickling across it, lined and



frilled with white flowers and yellow flowers; spaced, too, with nice well-behaved stepping-stones that wouldn't think of turning over.

Then you hoist yourself up another brown aerial staircase, and you come out onto another meadow all strewn with huge grey rocks. On the hugest of these sits a fat brown marmot, as big as a dog, with cream-coloured head and shoulders and a pair of eyes that could see the moon at noon . . . Look! There are three more furry heads up beside him, marmot kittens, as playful as real kittens and far more curious. Then he whistles like nothing else you ever heard (thin, high, shrill, eerie in that lost place), and there are no kittens. There never were, he wishes you to feel. . . .

You swing out on to a mountainside for your last and stiffest climb, with an immense and secret valley to the right, a valley that clouds could sail in, and hundred-year forests hide at the bottom of, a valley glissaded with enormous mountains, their heads all powdered, and so very near.

You go around the corner of that mountain—up over a great rockslide—up—up—till your heart beats in your ears and your feet walk on top of each other, and—you're out on the last great tableland where there's neither peaceful stream, nor huge rock, nor whistling marmot—nothing but infinite silence, and white heather, and great tongues of snow in the hollows, and at the end of the meadow a towering whiteness with a frozen lake at its feet. Frozen until the middle of July.

Blue. Bluer than anything you ever thought could be. Frosted blue, melted a bit at the edges, but even there, laced with long faint crystal fingers that might turn it back to ice as you watched.



Are You Hot? Are You Cold? Both!

And here is where you realize that fairy-tale combination you've always dreamed about—to be warm and cool at the same time. You can wade in crunchy snow—with blossoms on each side of it. While you feast your eyes on enough ice for all the long cold drinks of a thirsty world—the thin silk shirt on your back is still wet from the climb. And when you sit down against a huge and heavenly chilly grey stone—you have to tilt your brown felt hat-brim down to keep the shouting blue-glorious sky out of your eyes, and the high and shining sun!



Armstrong Roberts Photo

Tea House at Summit Lake, Yoho Pass



Lie down in the heather, you poor complex city-wearied thing. Let the little soft tinkling voices whisper to you as the mountain snow trickles down, not in a single stream, but everywhere at once, around this strange blue lake. Here is the home of the ultimate peace. Nothing to disturb the wonder of the first day of creation before the Lord made the mosquito Go to sleep in the sun!

The Things They Do at O'Hara

If you're a true mountaineer, you'll stay many days at O'Hara taking the Ottertail Trail that branches off on the way to McArthur; climbing to Lake Oesa; perhaps even going up over Abbott Pass to Louise, though this trip is easier done from the other side; or over Opabin Pass to the Valley of the Ten Peaks. Quite half the people who stay at O'Hara come over the passes—with Swiss guides, of course—and the camp-fire is surrounded with tales o' nights, and in the morning, you mustn't be surprised if you're waked with the sound of a real yodel!

After O'Hara, a few lazy days at Wapta again (with a blazing hot bath at nights), and then there comes the morning when you call for Tommy to ride to Yoho Camp—thirteen miles—from which point you're going over the pass to Emerald Lake, where your bags will precede you by train.



At Lake Wapta Bungalow

"That evening, up at the community house with its gay flowers and chintzes
woods themselves, you join the ring around the blazing lo



Wapta Bungalow Camp

gay flowers and chintzes everywhere, yellow and green and brown like the
g around the blazing logs in the great home fireplace”

*On the
Road to
Yoho*

There are few roads where you can trot in these so-rocky mountains, but this is one of them, and as you follow the old railway line, superseded to-day by the famous four levels of the spiral tunnels, you're glad that Tommy has wings as well as brains in his feet. The Kicking Horse River plunges along through its valley, beside the road at first, then far, far down in one roaring cascade after another, till by the time you reach the big pink rock opposite the mouth of Yoho Valley, its brawling hardly rises up to you at all, out of the tall old forest that lines the bottom like green moss.

Mt. Stephen is behind you, an elephant-nosed





Emerald Lake—On the verandah of the clubhouse

giant with his head in the mists and a few thousand tons of blue ice on his shoulder. He has a full-grown silver mine scored into that long trunk, but it looks like a bridge of matches that ends in a swallow's hole. In front, the valley opens—enormous green gash in the world—a valley you'd not be surprised to see all the angels of God come riding down on comets. A far gleam of blue—light on a thousand acres of never-melted snow—the flash of the Yoho—and you have to choose whether you'll let Tommy keep to the road like a gentleman, or drop over the edge where the telephone poles go down, and follow the one-strand wire (like Eric's golden thread), till you come to the upper bridge into the valley. Whichever way you go, it's heavenly going.

There are motor roads, of course, from Wapta to Field—from Field to Emerald—from Field to Yoho. And if you're tired, or lazy, or not so young in your legs as you are in your eyes, you can let the specially-licensed chauffeur give you a most marvelous trip of it around those hairpin curves. But in any case, you come at last to the wide valley opposite the twelve-hundred-foot drop of Takakkaw—Takakkaw, like spun glass, like silver fire—Takakkaw that springs out of the enormous inert mass of Daly Glacier like the soul out of the body—only Takakkaw hasn't learned to go up, despite the fact that you never saw water so ethereal.

Yoho Camp is cradled in the roar of the falls—you hear it all day long as you explore the nearer points; its great undertone fills the bowl of the night as you lie in bed in the cheerful yellow lamplight, while the stove sisses a bit, and—



The top of the world at Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp
 "From the verandah you can see Storm, of course, the long slag walls of the Sawback Range—Castle Mountain, too, and looking down the road to the southwest, peak after peak, peak after peak"

Do You Walk to Yoho Glacier—or Ride?

Before you know, it's morning. There are so many things to do, and you've such oceans of pep—what shall you do first? Walk the seven miles to Yoho Glacier? Or ride? Over the road that loses itself in acres of stones, crisscrossed by a raging little glacial stream divided into a dozen streamlets—on through a stately avenue of trees like the approach to a great castle—up a hill, where the road runs out into a trail—down the hill again, beside a little lost lake—and so on to Laughing Falls, not very high, but sweet and cold and chuckly—across the rushing ice-grey Yoho River on a two-log bridge—up another hill—then, suddenly, the glacier, humped up huge and white, a glacier you can walk on, for it has no crevasses since it lies in a cup . . .

Lunch, in plebeian bites. Hot coffee. Heavens how good it tastes! . . . And back home, they're trickling round the corner for iced something-or-other—what there is left for them.

For the Favourite of the Gods

If you're a favourite of the gods, you may get up on the right-hand wall of the Yoho Valley some day and walk that lovely upland meadow that slopes to Fairy Lake, sky-high where the glaciers are. You may even walk on the Daly ice field itself—mile after frozen mile, stretching from Mt. Balfour to Mt. Niles. It isn't so cold in the sunshine; and you could come down over behind Sherbrooke Lake and surprise them all at Wapta! But this, of course, you could never do alone, or even with an ordinary guide, for there are no trails there. Only instinct, in the brains of men who were born to know the way of the rocks and the snows. But one of them might take a notion to be nice to you . . . You never can tell!

The left-hand side of the Valley, though—ah, that's for one and all. Tommy sighs when he thinks of it, for the climb is about like going up a flag-pole. But he does it, to the High Line Trail, and then you have your choice



of going north to Twin Falls, walking astride the ridge-pole of the world, up level with the top of Takakkaw and the gleaming miles of Daly—or turning south and west toward Summit Lake and Yoho Pass, the road to Emerald.

Lunch on the Ridgepole

Whichever way you go, there's a wonderful lunch waiting for you, for there's a cabin at Twin Falls and a little tea-house at Summit Lake. Summit, strange as it may seem, is warm enough to swim in, walled round with solemn firs, though it's a bit like slipping into the heart of an emerald to dive into such preposterously green water.

After lunch begins the ride over Yoho Pass, which soon terminates (for the compassionate) in a walk, zigzag, zigzag, down a scarred tremendous valley with a gushing falls on one side, and Emerald Lake as green as green glass, square cut, at the bottom. Great ramparts of snow-striped mountains cut the skyline to the south, and it's the biggest panorama you've seen—a thing of far distances and dizzying colour—a giant world in which you creep like a little brown upright fly leading a white four-footed fly, zigzag, zigzag, down the interminable playways of the mountain storms.

Camping de Luxe at Emerald Lake

Emerald is the camp de luxe, where some of the bungalows that cluster around the Chalet have private baths. There's a clubhouse, too, with a floor as good as any hotel floor in the mountains, and an orchestra. There are tennis courts, and ladies in real riding boots that couldn't possibly be climbed in and aren't going to be, and boats on that astounding green lake, and fish in it.

Anything that you could do from Yoho could be done from Emerald, too. And if you're the Emerald kind of person, here it is you'll settle with a sigh of content. If you never do anything but perch on the clubhouse verandah and look down at the lake, it will be quite worth any journey you may have taken. But you can be as strenuous as you like, for you can go over Burgess Pass and come down into Field; you can climb Mt. Stephen, the most-climbed peak in the mountains, and dig your own geology from the 150-foot-thick fossil beds; you can go back to O'Hara, to McArthur, to Oesa, to the Ottertail; you can even take the train to Leancoil and explore the Ice River Valley, a place where very few people know enough to go at all.

On the Banff-Lake Windermere Motor Road

But perhaps you want an entire change of scene, something to do that doesn't in the least concern itself with horses or climbing. If so, you'll take a trip

down the Banff-Lake Windermere motor road, that 110-mile dream-come-true that lets the traveller into land so new that many of the mountains aren't named yet, and almost none of the trails are fixed for guideless tourists. Once beyond the five-mile-on-either-side-of-the-highway that constitutes the long ribbon of Kootenay Park, anyone who wants may shoot sheep and bear and goats in season, to say nothing of deer and moose; and anyone who wants may fish at any time, inside the Park or out, and never come trophyless home.

The road was opened on June 30, 1923, and history began there, so far as the modern world is concerned. But, if you chance on an old-timer, you'll hear tales of Kootenays and Blackfeet, of the Priest's mine and the Ochre beds, of long-dead prospectors and silent chiefs, that will make a shadowy background—a bit melancholy, but wholly picturesque—for the white-floored, tree-bordered, mountain-crowned miles of the present.

You can start from Banff or from Louise, but the road proper begins midway between them, at Castle Mountain, and pitches southwest and steeply upward into the untrodden wilds.



"If you want to see a bear you have only to wander off the road in the cool of the evening"

The Top of the World at Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp

You were a chattering party when you left the hotel—a heterogeneous crowd intent only on another trip. But somehow, as the motor climbs, climbs, and the miles reel off under your tires, the talk dies away.

This new world into which the road has bored its way is a world older than Time, yet, in some vivid and tremendous fashion, still unfinished. That scarred skyline seems as though it might break in a black wave and sweep down on life as we know it, with the crash of suns—surely nothing so vital, so full of power, could be fixed forever . . . done. These huge creatures of granite and snow that crouch together above the tiny track, these mountains in among whom you've dared to come—you've never seen so many together, so close—herds of mountains, one behind the other, looking over each other's shoulders, enormous, inert, yet—*alive* . . . You feel as though you'd slipped through the hole in the wall—gone into the land where we only go in dreams.

At last you swing around a curve, and the biggest mountain of them all sweeps into view. Some of the peaks must despise the names they've been given—names of mere men and women, chance likenesses to unimportant things—little names that mean nothing in the shadowy mind of so vast a creature. But this mountain is well named—Storm.

A million tons of rock went to its making, a million years to its rearing, a million storms to the carving of its great head, powdered with snow. No trees to soften it, except the trees in the hills that break about its feet. Always a cloud behind it. Always a wandering wind.

And yet—opposite the mountain, perched by the side of the road, five hundred feet above the valley floor, there stands Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp. All that there is in us that thrills to the storm—all that craves rest—years to the wind-bare hilltop, where the main bungalow sits, inscrutable, and takes us in for tea.

From the verandah you can see "Storm," of course, and all the burnt-cinder pinnacles, the long slag walls of the Sawback Range with cloud shadows drifting across them—grey, violet, mist-coloured, black. Castle Mountain, too. And, looking down the road to the southwest, peak after peak, peak after peak—treed or treeless, black or snow-crowned—vista after vista that flings together miles of far-off mountain top in a little dip between two nearer giants. If you aren't a real Alpinist, you can never see another such view in all the Rockies or the Selkirks. It has an austere grandeur that makes it kin to those snowbound miles far above timberline that few people but the Swiss guides ever see.

No wonder you decide to break your motor trip to stay overnight—over many nights. There's the three-mile trail to Boom Lake—and right on over into the Valley of the Ten Peaks if you're adventurous enough. The motor road goes on to Vermilion, and from that point you can get back, over many spectacular mountain miles, to Lake O'Hara and Wapta Camp. Storm Mountain Bungalow Camp will soon be the centre of many trails that ray out like the spokes of a magic wheel. But the fishing won't be any better in the creek than it is today, and the sunrise will be no more wonderful than it always has been from this solemn top of the world, where the day begins with a primeval immensity that shakes whatever soul you happen to have. The dripping grey chill, the hush, the mist in the valleys, and then, pink over the Sawbacks—flames over the Sawbacks—the sun! No man who stays in bed till the fit and proper time is ever as cold as you are just before the miracle. But no man with his nose in the pillow ever felt like an archangel at any time, and—you did. No wonder the morning stars sang together. They were lucky to be able to express what they felt!

But there comes a day when the road beckons, and off we go by motor,



*At Vermilion Crossing
"The river turns sharply, and here in the bend of its cool
and foamy arm, there is another camp"*



At Sinclair Hot Springs Bungalow Camp

under a high blue sky, to meet the Vermilion River, born almost on the toes of Storm, but destined to rush into the cold arms of the Kootenay far to the south. Having met it, we wind about and about in its company, thankful that it dug such a spectacular yet convenient valley for itself just where we wanted to go.

Always we can see peaks that have never been climbed—when the road engineers came first in 1910, the country hadn't even been surveyed. Always we can look down long valleys that cry for our cameras But the motor whirls on, carrying us deeper into the shut-in world of gorge and crag and glacier.

At Marble Canyon there is a gash in the rock three hundred feet deep, and a trail to the Paint Pots, those mysterious round wells of colour from which the Kootenays of the old days used to get their sacred ochre, and trade it to the plains Indians for more mundane things. Today, an efficient little tea-house makes the X that marks the spot where many a motor-tourist stays for a meal, or for the night.

Big Game at Vermilion Crossing

A few miles farther on, at Vermilion Crossing, the river turns sharply to the southwest, and here, in the bend of its cool and foamy arm, there's another log cabin camp, set where the Kootenays themselves used to rest before they crossed. This is the very middlemost middle of the big game country.

If you want to see a bear, you have only to wander off the road in the cool of the evening. You may even be surprised by a fantasia on pie-plates in the grey dawn as the staff chases away a huge and furry clown who insists on kicking the milk pail around because he's failed to reach the ham. You're in the Park, you see, and so is he. Liberty, equality and fraternity include the pursuit of hams. But if you're a hunter—well, it isn't so easy for him to carry a foot-rule in his eye and judge just when he's got his hind-leg on the wrong side of the magic five-mile line. And there are always guides to be had who know where to locate not only bears of all sizes, but sheep and goats and deer.

Fishing, too, can be had around Vermilion. And as soon as the trail over Wolverine Pass has been completed—the very latest and most spectacular wrinkle in the Rockies' multiple face—even the thirty-third degree mountaineer is bound to be happy because he has a four-day trip ahead of him that not only

includes the bleak grandeur of the Pass, but the toes of Mt. Goodsir, the Ottertall Valley, McArthur Creek, and Lake McArthur itself, with O'Hara as the final goal.



Sinclair Canyon on the Banff-Lake Windermere automobile road

From Vermilion to Sinclair Canyon

As the Vermilion and the Kootenay approach each other, the most picturesque part of the trip begins, and the road winds along the high ridge between the two rivers, cunningly graded and skilfully bent, caught to the mountainside as only a genie or an inspired engineer could do it. Here, too, is where you see that terrific object lesson, five miles long, that weird study in black and grey, in lines and spots, that used to be a forest before Kootenay Park was established. But now it's an infinite series of slim skeletons that will soon be as silvered as those at Sherbrooke Lake. No wonder the Parks Commission has placed a black-rimmed sign-board at each end of that pathetic cemetery. Carelessness. That's what did it . . . And when you take these jack-knife turns it's just as well to remember that there are other forms of the disease than those concerned with cigarettes.

And then comes the level valley of the Kootenay and the long forest aisles—a different world and a kinder. Here is where you'll see a deer, perhaps—or a deer and two little fawns, startled and big-eyed and keen to get away, but not really frightened. Here is where you see flowers among the timber, and campers among the flowers.

And then you climb again to Sinclair Pass, sweeping upward in great curves. You pass the Iron Gates, those grim rose-henna guardians of this inner world. You drop down to Sinclair Hot Springs in the narrow gorge of the canyon. And you go for a swim in the pool. Imagine wanting a temperature of 110° in July! But the high winds of the mountains have made it seem



Lake Windermere
"It's a centre for a whole Summer's rest and exploration"

the pleasantest thing that could happen to you—or perhaps the very pleasantest is the cup of tea and the flaky little hot biscuits you get in the pretty community house of the bungalow camp on the top of the hill after you're all dressed and civilized again.

Lake Windermere Camp at the End of the Road

Next morning it doesn't take long to drop, circling like a great bird, to the valley levels where Lake Windermere lies peaceful after all the emotional climaxes of the mountains.

There's something hard to describe about this huge trench that the Columbia River has dug between the Rockies and the Selkirks. The two ranges tower, white-headed above their bench lands and their river reaches, facing each other across a great green gulf, mountains of another world, as aloof and ever-beautiful as one's memories of childhood. Lake Windermere lies, warm and still, in the middle under skies that are always blue. There are flowers and flowers and more flowers. There are lazy bells again, as the cows graze . . . But none of these things quite accounts for the feeling of Elysian ease that makes the very soul of the place. When you go in swimming, you turn over on your back and float, and look into the high blue. When you fish—well, you do catch something every time, but you wouldn't much care if you didn't. When you motor, you're willing to loaf. Truly, a lotus-land.

There's a golf course. There are tennis courts. There are motor launches on the lake, and rumors of an old river boat that will take her serene course

under the orange moon while the people dance. There's the David Thompson Fort where town gatherings and dances are held, and you can study the Indian in the craftwork he has left. There are guides and horses and outfits for you to go shooting in season, either into the Selkirks or up Vermilion way. Or you can find ducks yourself, hundreds of them, almost anywhere in the valley.

And as for side trips—nobody who has ever seen a cool and breathless picture of the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers will want to miss that astonishing thing if he can spare the time, and is good for fording rivers. But even if he isn't, there will still be Toby Canyon with its three-hundred-foot high bridge and the Paradise mines beyond, eight thousand feet in air—and Radium Hot Springs—and Swansea Peak—and—that's just a beginning. Indeed, as you settle down in your bungalow at Lake Windermere Camp by the shore, it comes to you that this isn't a place to visit and rush away from. It's a centre for a whole summer's rest and exploration. Which is what the old timers felt when you were too young to know where the Rocky Mountains were.

In the Valley of the Ten Peaks

But there's one more bungalow camp we haven't seen, and if you're a true bird of passage you'll fly again over the Banff-Lake Windermere Road (or round by train from Invermere to Golden, where you'll be on the main line), and when you finally get off at Louise, you'll motor over to the Valley of the Ten Peaks where the green-blue waters of Moraine Lake lie below the high-pitched mountains and the ramparts of Babylonian brick. A glacier reaches over the top of the world like a huge white paw, blue-green at the tip; and there's a bungalow camp on a bench of the hills above the lake.

There are trails that time has smoothed into a kindness possessed by few trails in the Rockies—the trail around the lake—the trail to Consolation Lake in its still, park-like valley where there are always birds, and flowers, and good fishing, and marmots peering at you over the tops of their ancestral halls—the trail to Wenckchemna Lake and Pass—the trail over Sentinel Pass to Lake Louise with lovely Paradise Valley on the way, and the grim pit of Sheol, and Saddle-back, where you'll have one of the world's best cups of tea no matter when you make port, and a chance to buy interesting souvenirs, as unexpected as flowers in a bird's nest.

In the Snows of Abbott Pass

But the thing you've simply got to do (unless the doctor certifies you a bad heart case, or you're grey-headed in your soul) is to engage a Swiss guide, ride in from Moraine the night before and stay at the Chateau, take next morning's trail to the end of Lake Louise, and go up that white stairway of the gods, Victoria Glacier, to the Alpine hut on Abbott Pass. For if



*Community House, Lake Windermere
Bungalow Camp*

you've never climbed above the timberline before, above the snowline, up into the thin clear air where all the little streams freeze tight at night, and your coffee's made with melted snow, and you get six three-point blankets to keep warm—undoubtedly your destiny calls for the experience.

After you've had your dinner that night and the guides sit down in the lamplight, turn up your coat collar, take your blankets and go out to the one level thing that isn't snow—the bit of grey rockslide as cold as cold hell.

On one side of you the smooth immensity of the white Pass curves like a gigantic back, down, down into the dim gulf from which you climbed. On the other side the world drops off, a thousand feet. Lean over and look down to Lake Oesa, true apple-green jade, lying at the bottom of a grey cup, with a frill of startling ochre-coloured rock around it and a fan of white glacier. An iceberg floats in it. . . . There are three other lakes on different levels between this unearthly thing and Lake O'Hara, where the trees begin.

Yet even here in the Pass, you're not at the top of the world; you're in a trench between the giants of the range that still tower above you—Mt. Lefroy on one side and Mt. Victoria on the other, tawny-yellow, blunt-headed, enormous still.

The sun has gone. Strange lacquer red and golden fires fly in the sky. There's a storm over the Selkirks, and a steel-blue line cuts down from nowhere into nowhere. . . .

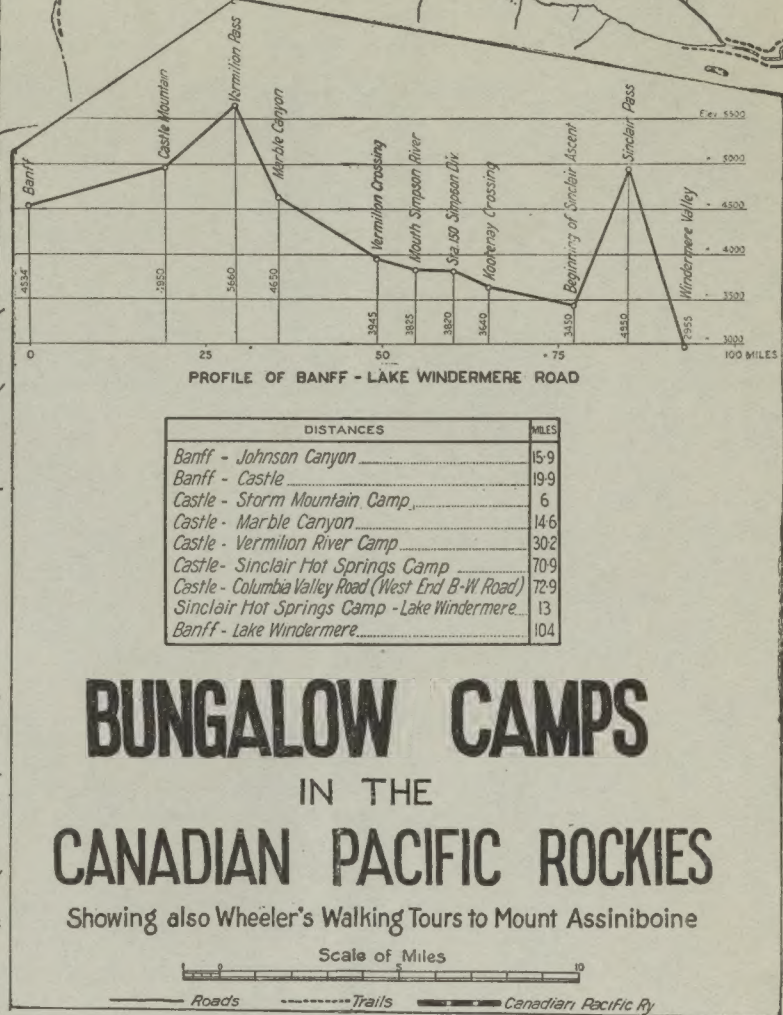
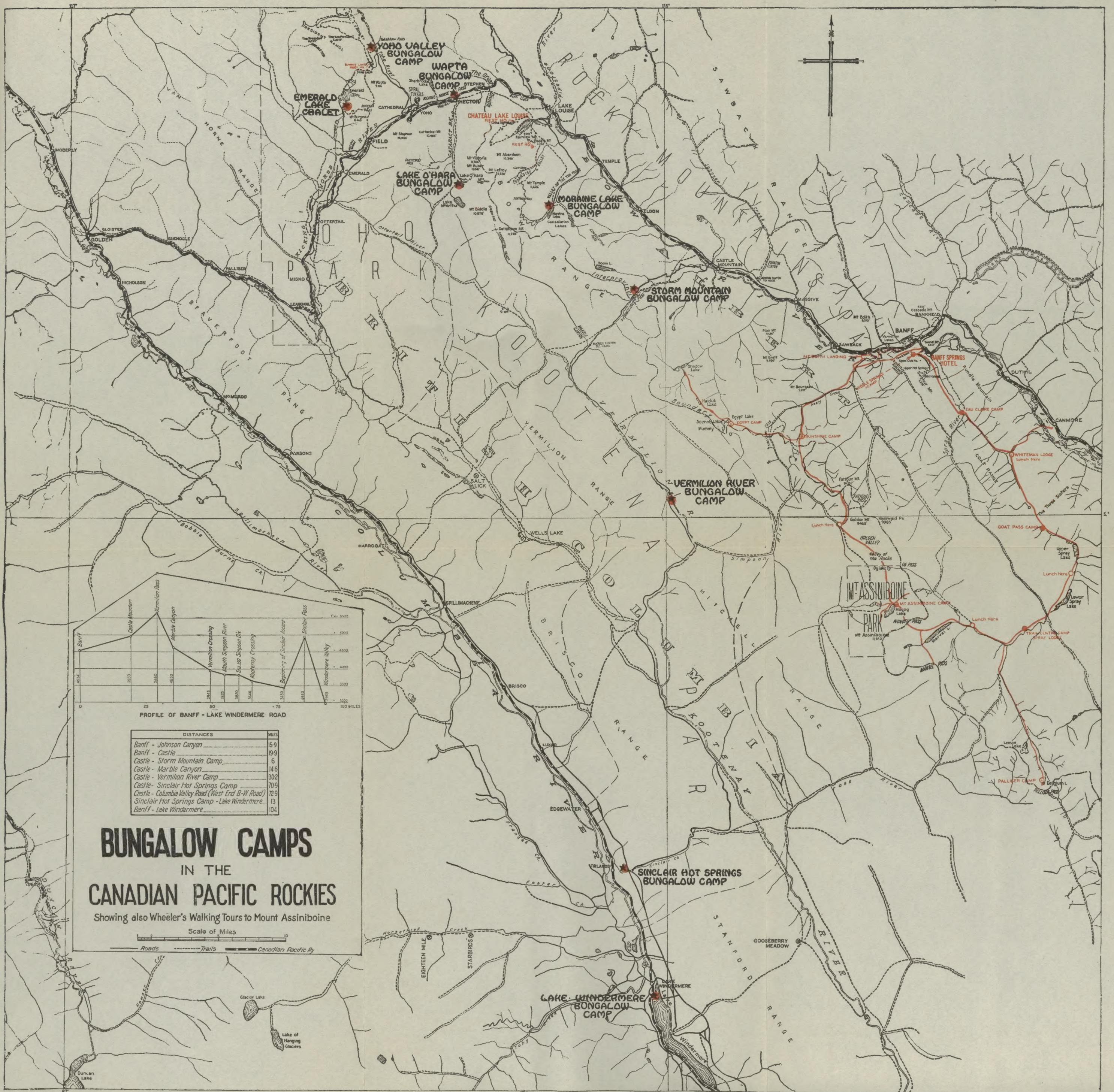
Cold. . . . Draw the red blankets around you as you sit on the rockslide. You're no bigger than the smallest of all the rocks, and what do you matter? There's a mountain over there whose cyclopean top looks like a walled city, dark, lifeless, left from another age, with the snow creeping up to cover it as one day it will cover the world. . . .

A star comes out, pure green in the faint pink. And at last the moon, turning those miles of peaks to ebony and silver, turning the tiny light in the house to orange in every window.

Come in. You can't describe it. Your soul needs a roof over it. The night is too big.



*Moraine Lake Bungalow Camp
"On the bench of hills above the lake"*



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